



The Right Angle



SAMPLE

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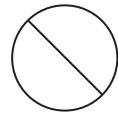
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Measuring Up

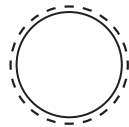
Inside Circles

I am the knife
that halves the apple.
I am called diameter.



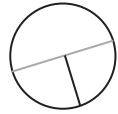
Diameter

I am the outside
of the world –
circumference or **perimeter**.



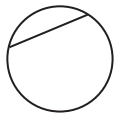
Circumference
or perimeter

I am the **sonar**
searching the deep –
a bright and beeping **radius**.



Radius

I am the line
that touches twice.
Chord is my **alias**.



Chord

I am a slice
of blueberry pie.
Sector is my name.



Sector

I am an arc –
an outside part.
Camouflage is my game.



Arc

Julia Wall

My Cat Euclid

Euclid's not like other cats,
he won't eat birds or mice or rats.
Instead of curling up in **slumber**,
Euclid sinks his teeth in numbers.
Why'd I have to call him that?
Now he is Mathematics Cat.
No stringy beef in gravy slime –
for him, the cuts must all be prime.
One, two, three (not four), five, seven –
his idea of cat food heaven.
Multiply, add one to that,
in they go and out they're spat.
Moving on to long **division**,
Euclid works with sharp **precision** –
numbers crunched with scissor action,
savored to the final **fraction**.
"That's enough, you greedy cat!
Drop that digit on the mat!"
Euclid mews and looks for more
remainders left upon the floor.
If one thing's sure to make him purr,
it's when those decimals recur.
It's not that he's a picky cat,
he just likes figures more than fat.
If I'd have called him Tom or Harry
math might seem more ordinary.
Now, when they say, "Homework, Matt?"
I say, "Euclid's eaten that."

Elena de Roo

Fast Fact

Euclid was a Greek mathematician. He lived about 2,300 years ago. He wrote a textbook for teaching mathematics that was used for more than 2,000 years!



The Ballad of the Parallel Lines

In rain or snow, in fog or shine,
in any kind of weather,
the **parallel line** and parallel line
went everywhere together.

They ducked down alleys, wearing grins,
and **skirted** all resistance,
but everywhere, these playful twins
would always keep their distance.

Then one fine day, one parallel line
called over to the other:
“I’m bored,” he **plaintively** did whine,
“of hanging ’round you, brother.

“I’m going to head out on my own,
be parallel no longer.
I’m sure that doing things alone
can only make me stronger.”

So off he went, just upped and left,
undid the bond that tied him.
The first line felt a bit **bereft**
without his twin beside him.

Long years passed. The first line **moped**,
his lonely stomach **churning**.
Each day that dawned, he wished and hoped
to see his twin returning.

And then, at last, across the hill,
he saw a line come crawling.
It seemed to be so weak and ill –
its **pallor** was **appalling**.

It was his twin, now pale and slim!
The line was so excited!
He hurried out and welcomed him,
and they were **reunited**.

“Oh brother! What a world out there!
So harsh and unforgiving!
There are so many lines out there,
you cannot make a living.”

And now, in snow, in fog or shine,
in any kind of weather,
the parallel line and parallel line
go everywhere together.

Peter Goulding

Fast Fact



Parallel lines
never meet, no
matter how far
they continue in
both directions.